UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1231.

Original Poetry.

THE WINDS OF SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY EDWARD PULLECK.

They come, they come from their southern home,
Where the sun shines ever fair,
On orlands, that rise from the azure foam
In beauty arranged and rare;
They come, and their low sweet song I hear
Through the leafing branches ring—
For the minstrels who sing for the youthful year,
Are the balmy winds of Spring.

Gone are the shades of the wintry night,
And the wintry storms have gone,
As laden with song and light,
The winds of Spring come on:
And round the old arbour, with ivy astray,
The clustering wild flowers cling—
And the blushing rose does her fairest charms,
As she breaks in the wake of Spring.

The skies look glad, and the fields rejoice
With a soundless revelry,
And the streamlet laughs with a merry voice,
As it hastens away to the sea;
And the soul's full of song for all of these,
As the pleasure he changing wing,
When gladly he sweeps round our trees,
To welcome the winds of Spring.

Oh, on they go, with their noiseless sweep,
Over mountain and valley, away!
Fanning the shore of the lunitless deep,
And kissing the bounding spray;
And hushed of beauty their name may see,
And many a strange beside them,
Shall smile at their welcome, gladly,
To the balmy winds of Spring.

Original Tales.

THE FALL OF CUZCO.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "DUBKINS."

It was morning—in the ancient Capital of Peru—it is needless that we should say the sacred residence—of festivity to the Cuzcoinca—a day on which the name of the great Manco Capac—the founder of their empire—and his sister—was to be celebrated in chaunt—on which his virtues and renown were to be proclaimed from the lips of the orator to the ideal, and the assembled thousands.

Three palaces of undying verdure, where tropic perpetually spring—the fragrant blossoms open the shrub—the balmy flowers which garnered the earth—the broad leaves of the towering palm whose tops, pierce the clouds of Heaven, rose an hundred and fifty feet—each blade of grass, and fruitful vine, was loaded with dew-drops, which glittered like diamonds in the sun; and his beams played brilliantly upon the lofty temple dedicated to his worship—whose golden gilded roof, the Virgin's gift, lovely breathed the perfumed breeze along the green earth, brushing the dew-drops from flower and shrub, and they, and slightly tripping the blue bosom of the Apurimac which gushing from lake Titicaca, swept boldly on—with the waters melted from the eternal snow—the great Amazon. Crowds of people thronged the streets and temples, and bowed before the idols of gold and silver, which were distinguished from his subjects, by the richness of his dress, and the profusion of ornaments which covered him; while the palaces were filled by his chiefs and Curos, where once the heart of pity, and the mighty heart, held dominion. Their doors were all the people of the city, and repairs. Nearly five centuries had elapsed since its foundation, and under the wise government of the successors of Manco, it had arrived in wealth, and magnificence. Each year was the epoch of its foundation celebrated with that pomp of its illustrious founder. And the success of the Cuzcoinca in war rendered them a terror to surrounding tribes.

Every countenance—that of the gloomiest forth—the moon with a smile of silvery clouds emerged from above the eastern horizon—the frightful stars commenced their serenades to the spheres—the alligator, and the serpent hastened from their bayous haunts amid the scarcely paths—the jaguar and the puma, made from their retreats and prowled in search of prey, and the vultures, and the condor, reposed amid the cavernous caves of their tombs, the eagle and crake.

Cuzco was ranged in brilliancy—rows of flaming torches illuminated the streets, temples and ideals, and their light flashed along the breast of the Apurimac, till it looked like a stream of liquid fire.

The court of the Inca was filled with the bravest of his chiefs—the sagest of his advisers, and the greatest of his warriors, and the most beautiful of his females, although it was known that strangers from a strange land, were traversing the vast forests and mountains, that would have been deemed the height of folly by the Cuzcoincas—for an attempt to have attacked an attack upon their ancient walls.

Loud and long was the revel, so loud, that the palace shook as the applause rang from the throne, the lips of the listeners, as the orators, in their rude manner, were recalling the deeds of Manco Capac and others of their renowned ancestors—and so long, that it was near night, and yet it had not ceased.

"Cuzco!" exclaimed the Inca energetically, and every eye was turned upon their sovereign.

"Cuzco! the ancient city of our fathers—of the great Manco Capac! the ideal watch over her safety! is she not impregnable? am not I her arm a terror to their enemies?"

A crash at this moment was heard without—which shook the palace to its foundation, and the fortress, and on for Castile! mingled with the roar of Spanish Cathnic, and the shrieks of the terrified inhabitants. The sacred land never before re-echoed the sound of firearms, and the Inca, deeming that the vengeance of Heaven was turned upon the city, rushed out and to his life with his wife around.

Cuzco fell, which had withstood the combined forces of South America, for a period of four hundred and ninety years, and one more victory was recorded to the glory of Spain, and the renown of Pizarro. The sacred vessels were robbed of their treasures, and the ideals and temples of their gold and silver ornaments, to satisfy the avarice of the Spaniards. When the morning sun again beamed forth, the yellow banner of Castile floated from the battlements of Cuzco.

"Hold! hold!" or by the head of St. Augustine, thou dead," cried a knight, who was mounted upon a superb charger, elegantly caparisoned, drawing his sword, whose blade flashed in the sun, and with a single blow, dismounted many a ray of brightness. His glittering armor—his swarthy complexion—eagle eye, and proud bearing, told that he was one of those brave sons of old Castile, whom the love of glory had prompted, to brave storm and tide, to follow the fortunes of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru.

The command was given to a Spanish soldier, who was dragging along the streets an ungracious female, on the morning following the fall of Cuzco, which has already been narrated.

The soldier addressed, relinquished his grasp of the fair Cuzcoinca, and she sank apparently lifeless at his feet. The knight immediately dismounted, and raising her head, which he supported upon his arm—used every exertion to restore her.

Strange and new were the emotions of the gallant knight, as he gazed upon the pallid features of the fair daughter of the ancient city. He had met the thrilling glance of the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz—had basked in the sunny smiles of the enchanting maids of the Guadalquiver—had listened to the fairy tones of the syl-ph-id Italy, and Venice—with a heart unmoved.

Somiento—such was the name of the knight —was descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors—renowned for their bravery, and untiring devotion on the cause of their own bright land of romance and chivalry.

Long was it before Somiento's change was restored to consciousness, and when the light of her full dark eye mingled with that of his own, the bright blood thrilled wildly through his veins; and a tear for a moment glittered in his eye, as he whispered,

"Would that a happier fate had been thine—but, while the sword of Somiento hangs by his side, none shall be harmed."

"The child of the Inca invokes the protection of the idols for him who has reached her from the stranger's fury," whispered the captive, and clasping his hands, bow a while upon the flowing bird—shoulder have held her with a firmer grasp—a free tale it will be to tell to the daughters of Castile, how a wild gipsy of Cuzco has caught the heart which was so coy in thy own fair land."

"Fairer than all else, never trod the sacred soil of Spain, be she gipsy or queen," replied Somiento.

"Somiento like a true knight, by St. Jago," exclaimed Pizarro. The two warriors mounted their chargers, and repaired to their quarters.

Freedom was restored instantly by Somiento for the fair girl—no trace of her could be found.

The sun had already set—bright stars trembled upon the bosom of the Apurimac—the fragrance of the flowers which lined its banks, was wind had died away, and not a sound was to be heard, save the occasional howl of some wild beast, or the shrill chirp of the cricket—the hum of the owl—and the half warbled song of a night bird. Slowly and sadly Somiento wandered along the green banks of the Apurimac—his thoughts of friends, of early ties, of the land of his birth, flitted rapidly through his mind. He felt that hope and strange interest to the captive—that sweet child to be the same, which I would not have exchanged for worlds. Alas! alas! I have known that the poor song must be to depend one that can be burned so brightly now, would fade away and die, and that I should experience the desolate agony of dwelling among the native beings, with none to share the change which time would work in the noble being by my side. Now he was the object around whom my thoughts clung—to honor and to set in their high places. Already he had mingled a fellow with the chosen lady-wives of a conquering race—he had all the graceful and bold and self-confident was that opponent who ventured, there to engage him in the lists of debate and fame. Already fame had wreathed his youthful brow with a budding garland, and the lofty height to which his ranking ambition aspired seemed at attainable—I deemed not that sensual indulgence could clog the wings of the bold, free spirit in its upward flight, until it should be too late to withdraw it."

His constituents in politics refused, at last, to give him their support—why should they not?—and his term of office having expired, another was chosen in his place. This was the fatal, the decisive blow, it was more than he could support—but for his sake who had unfortunately bestowed them; they were dear to me only as proofs of his affection and regard whose wish I sought to win, but that hope, that blissful hope, which for weeks had filled my heart with Heaven's happiness, was realized, and he on whom I had bestowed my deepest and tenderest affection, was mine, for the nuptial vow was spoken, and God had made us one.

Oh! how my heart swelled as I marked the admiration, nay, almost homage, which he excited amid that assembled multitude. Wherever he turned he was the object of attraction, "the observed of all observers," and well might they gaze upon him and admire, for never eye fell upon a more manly form or feature. His forehead was full and high, and of marble whiteness, contrasting strongly with the dark and glossy brown of his silken curls which shaded it. And his eyes—they were blue and beautiful, and yet now expressive of his countenance. Sometimes sparkling bright that one would almost quail beneath their gaze, then soft and dreamy as a summer's eve, as she already took reply to the first tale of passion from the lips of him she loves. His cheek was pale, perhaps too much so for a healthful youth, but his eyes, his high hopes and lofty aspirations, but harmonizing well with the highly intellectual expression of his countenance. My father's plaintively bright that one would almost quail beneath their gaze, then soft and dreamy as a summer's eve, as she already took reply to the first tale of passion from the lips of him she loves. His cheek was pale, perhaps too much so for a healthful youth, but his eyes, his high hopes and lofty aspirations, but harmonizing well with the highly intellectual expression of his countenance. My father's constant, half-formed smile upon his lips, and yet they wore a fixed and haughty curl at once indicative of familiarity the former assumed the latter. The boldest effrontery stood shadowed in his presence, self-conceit acknowledged its influence, and men approached him with that feeling of deference, half awe, half admiration with which every one instinctively recognizes the high and gifted being in the earth, and none could gaze upon his splendid lineaments but most acknowledge it, so accurately did the combined expression portray his character.

Tall, and of faultless symmetry, his was a figure that was a model for the sculptor to form a perfect model, and there was a lofty air, a princely dignity in every movement, comporting well with the lofty mien and bearing of him, the cutting lip and proudly beaming eye. He was a dazzling, glorious, gifted creature, the idol of his own nature and as seemed to have bestowed their choicest gifts,—a being placed amid his fellow men, to show them how high human nature may be exalted, and how low debased.

Ah, little thought I of the terrible future, in that hour of hope and strange innocence of my joy. A cup of unmingled happiness kind Pandora—delicious sweetness nor dreamed of the unspeakable bitterness to which a few short years' absence has long since wrought the change which time would work in the noble being by my side. Now he was the object around whom my thoughts clung—to honor and to set in their high places. Already he had mingled a fellow with the chosen lady-wives of a conquering race—he had all the graceful and bold and self-confident was that opponent who ventured, there to engage him in the lists of debate and fame. Already fame had wreathed his youthful brow with a budding garland, and the lofty height to which his ranking ambition aspired seemed at attainable—I deemed not that sensual indulgence could clog the wings of the bold, free spirit in its upward flight, until it should be too late to withdraw it."

Clarley bounded forward to meet him and to display his prize, and there was an unusual excitement in the countenance of the boy as he bent down and raised his beautiful child in his arms, and answered to his infant prattle.

"Papa shall look at the pictures now, shall he not, mamma?" he asked, his large blue eyes sparkling with delight. "See," he continued, "what mine has brought me—a soldier says that is you, papa, it is'nt, is it?" The lip of Ambrosio quivered, and a cloud came over his cheek. Clarley perceived by an instinct, that I feared to see what had effected the change and burst into tears. It was the representation of a ragged warrior, and the boy's heart could not feel sympathy, with he replenished bottle clasped closely to his bosom, as it fearful that some one would deprive him of his little idol.

"I am sorry," I made you cry," faltered Charley, approaching and gazing up into my face with his own sad eyes suffused with tears. "I will not see any more if you will love me again." I scatched up the affectionate boy in my arms and pressed him to my heart and kissed him, and his red lips were wreathed again in sunny smiles. Satisfied at last that he had not forfeited my affection, he placed his little head on mine, sealed fondly my lips with a kiss, and then nestled it upon my bosom and fell asleep. Unconscious babe! he little knew with what a pang his words had pierced my heart! The father I at first respected, soon off as I proceeded; I forgot the presence of those around me, so deeply was I engrossed in giving utterance to the many emotions which filled my soul. I felt what I was singing, and never before had such intensely interesting words been given utterance to my voice was so sweet and flexible, that the liquid melody seemed flowing from my lips without an effort. Gradual tears came welling up from the fountain of my heart, and my voice, at last, grew low and slightly tremulous, and then it ceased altogether, and my

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1845.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any one sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the below premiums.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and choice of the new axes.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new axes.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two axes.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Somebody—as elsewhere noted in this paper—has made a discovery, that the climate of a hemisphere changes in 666 years, from severe to mild, or the reverse. The first of these changes would seem to be in progress with our continent, and the last with Europe. It will be a fact singular indeed, if in the very progress of years our descendants should return to Europe the compliments of "inhospitable" and "inclement," which in the line of her failure, this climate has received from Europe. Certainly, taking the past winter through, it has been exceedingly mild. We have been comparatively little severe weather any where upon the continent, though variety sufficient has been experienced to give us a taste of every whim of the Storm King. At this present writing Spring seems to have opened in earnest; but how much seem! too much of weather suprise this season, to be surprised if this paper should go forth amid a driving snow storm.

With the Winter, closes the last session of the present Congress, and the last week of the Presidency of Mr. Tyler. We are not much gratified at the spirit of some of our contemporaries, who seem disposed to follow him into his retirement with a spirit, the expression of which in words, is in some cases truly ridiculous. We do not expect those who dislike his administration, to waste any compliments upon him; but they might spare themselves. Most of them do; for it is a few instances only, in which we refer. Whatever else Mr. Tyler may have had to contend with, during the term of his administration, it is certain that he has not been exposed to any temptation, by the circumstances of great popularity, or the support of a strong party.

Mr. Polk, enters office under as happy auspices as he could desire—or as at least all things seem to indicate. The country is in no haste to prejudge him, or his acts, and his carriage so far has been such as to promise for his free position, and leave himself untrammeled and unvexed.

We are not able, to-day, to announce the adjustment of either of the two great questions in which the public take most interest—Texas and the Post Office Bill. Whether before our paper closes, it will be in our power to announce the definitive action of Congress upon either question, it is impossible to guess. Upon one—the Post Office—we feel tolerably sure, that notwithstanding all the public may desire in reference to it, they are sure to be disappointed.

In turning over our exchanges, we have been not a little surprised to find that one Government, which it was imagined was at rest for this bantrum—the Miller mania. An article prepared some months since for this journal, upon that subject, had a currency among our contemporaries of the press almost unexampled; nor were others silent. Ridicule, invective, wit and persuasion, all were directed against the error, and its wording up, we supposed, was sadly pronounced pestilence of a kind. Yet it appears there are places left, where the delusion has its full hold—where people neglect provision for their families, and where the municipal authorities are compelled to step in between them and destitution. We notice, moreover, in the reports of Insane Asylums, that there are many among their unhappy inmates, whose mental blindness is referable to this cause.

Our paper presents, to-day, more than its usual variety of matter. There is a tendency in writers to run to prolixity; and it is not always possible to obviate; but whenever it lies in our power we endeavor to present the requirement of too much space, by any one article or subject.

PUT IT DOWN!

In a late popular book (Dickens's Chimes) there are abundance of tepics suggestive of thought—and not the least worthy of these is the satire upon a class of reformers who would forever to "putting down" evils by legislation, instead of resting in one up, by removing the causes. If such legislators and executives had the Upas Tree to exterminate, they would pass an act that it should not leave one blossom, and appoint a constabulary force to attack it at the topmost twigs, leaving the root firm set in the earth and the tree in full vigor.

And yet such is the full character—more or less, of almost all legislation. We hang murderers and imprison thieves—conducting the whole machinery of law on the brick-the-door-after-the-horse-is-gone principle. And all this is done at an enormous expense of the time and money of the public and of individuals, by way to nothing of the waste and decadence of morals which ensues from a Upas, which we merely keep thrifty by trimming its wide and far branches, or by cutting off dead limbs when they have passed the ability to do manchief.

We make the act of begging and the step of mendicity a penal offence, and the betrayal of paupeism a crime—punishable under the indefinite term of vagrancy, at the whim and discretion of magistrates, captains at being distorted at their securing and breaking or their afternoon nap. We multiply laws unto principal prohibitory, commandatory and sumptuary, till many a wiser than poor Toby wonders whether there is or new law against a legged pocket herchief. We leave the old roots of all vice and trouble undisturbed, and when the natural sequence of shoots follows, cry "Put them down!" and devise or desire a new law for every new point in the plants which we not see or suffer, but the parent remains to grow.

In all moral efforts, the only safe and sure place to commence is at the beginning; and the less we have to do with any law save the Golden Rule, the better will the reform proceed. The multiplication of statutes, and the vexatious and tyrannical enforcement of these against slight offences is a monstrous evil. Punishment seldom does the adult individual any good, and public prosecution is used to serve to mark a child for the penitentiary in the end, if not for the gallows. The rationale of public punishment is after all, but to set up legal scarecrows to deter others; and as these spectacles in a corn-field do but embolden the crows by inconsistency, so do they operate upon with the leathelessness hoped. And the person upon whom the experiment is tried, for the benefit of the public, is made fit for nothing else, by the process, but to be sentenced over again.

"Put it Down!" will not answer, then. We must keep it from springing up. We must search what causes exist to create crime and poverty, rather than what are necessary to ensure the punishment of man's frailty, when it manifests itself. Is it easier to check a riotous disposition than to punish the manifestations of it. It is easier to engraine "Thou shalt not steal" on the heart of a child, than to punish thereon. It is easier, in a word, to educate, than to scourge ignorant men into the performance of duties they do not understand, and into forbearance from crimes, of the nature of which they have no adequate moral perception.

"The world," says the proverb, "is governed too much." And the evil, or where so more concerned, seems to increase with our growth as a nation, rather than to diminish. The attention of philanthropists must be more turned to the prevention of crime and pauperism, than to the punishment of the one, or the relief of the other. We must get back in the great old standards of strict honesty, and of honest frugality; and this reform need not be evaded by any person on the plea that his individual influence is trifling, for it is only the sum of individuals aggregate. We have had too many efforts to "Put It Down," by communities—it seems to endeavor by individuals to "Put it Out!" Every father—every master who has apprentices—every lad who has individuals under his example, has a part to do in this matter.

CINCINNATI.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune gives us some pleasant gossip about Cincinnati. His wife—Cincinnati merits and will maintain, while the Queen City is the proud title of "Queen of the West."* Enthroned upon the reading above with hills encamped around, it presents here a scene of the most delightful description. Level Savannahs and fertile intervales. A less homogenous population scarcely exists. Adventurers from every clime have wandered hither, and the babblings of Babel are rehearsed in this city of yesterday. The settlement of Cincinnati was commenced in the winter of 1788-9; in 1805 its population was 960; 25 present inhabitants are estimated to be 80,000. There is not a foreign city more delightful than Ukase, but a *natural* growth. Is it not wonderful? Aladdin's lamp has been "brought to the light" in the forests of western world and Yankees are rubbing the brass.

From another accounts we learn that the city is still rapidly increasing. In 1841 and 1844, there were 2,231 houses built, and by careful estimate the city now contains 10,772 houses. Many more houses are now in progress, and it is estimated that the number of houses for the present year will surpass the two former. A census has been taken of the city, which contains nine thousand three hundred and twelve spindles, and one hundred looms. It will employ three hundred persons, and make about two millions of yards of sheeting per annum.

After tribute to the talent of Cincinnati, and a laudation of its beautiful women which marks him out for a very acceptible young man, the writer, touching Pork, discourseth:

"Cincinnati has its faults, most of which will vanish in time, and with increasing opulence. The first is the *Pork Interest*. Pork is *here*, is ascendable. The streets have no 'crossings and are filthy, filthy, FILTHY—how filthy! A stranger, unacquainted with the trade of the city, would naturally infer that the term *Porkopolis* was derived from the long-eye nastiness of its avenues. By the way, a Porkhouse is a curiously shop. Its business is conducted with wonderful system and despatch. Observe that 'useless beast,' the cur with the aldermanic swagger and a curling caudal extremity that would draw a chapter from the minister of Feral.' He is the next victim. Thwack—gurgle, gurgle—splash—scrape, scrape—A glance of the kind—the cars are up, but the quondam hog is pork pudding. The processes of cutting up and packing are equally summary. The Pork dealers are enterprising fellows, and deserve to enjoy the affluence which many of them have acquired. Facts and figures show that Pork Interest is about 25 per cent debt. Your heavy produce houses will have an inevitable margin and more than recover the losses by last year's advances."

AMERICAN SEAMEN.

A bill is before Congress which we earnestly hope may not receive the go-by. It is one in relation to the establishment of schools for naval apprentices—not increasing materially the present expenses of the Government, but systematically appropriating a portion of the Navy Appropriation, to creating nurseries of seamen hereafter.

Of the need of this, something may be judged from a statement made to Congress, by Mr. Sands of thirty thousand seamen, in which he alleged, "that after taking great pains to get at the fact, he found that out of 109,000 seamen, about one-third were drunkards, a large portion of one in twelve. And out of 28,564 seamen shipped off the port of New York in 1840, not over 1,000 were Americans." The Ohio ship-of-the-line, the last time she went out on a three years cruise, had but 182 American seamen, and the crew of over 1,000 men and the Delaware went to sea with a less number in proportion. The Constitution was launched a long time ago, and we don't want a fifty able seamen; and so have other men-of-war frequently been."

An ably written pamphlet has just been issued in New York, which contains an immense mass of testimony to the above point. Among other matter in the book, is a letter from Commodore Elliott, in which he strongly urges the establishment of these schools, and the furtherance of measures for the general improvement of the condition of seamen. There should be a school of this kind in each port on the Atlantic seaports, and one or more on the Lakes. Some thousands of boys are annually taken from the line of preferment to any command under our flag. The thing must be attended to, that at its earliest.

FROM CHINA.

By the ship Ann Mckim, advices from Canton have been received at New York to the 30th of November—which is six weeks later than those before received. The trade by Mr. Cushing is published in the Anglo Chinese papers, and its terms are spoken of as highly favorable. The crews and officers were received in England. The French treaty was not concluded but, although some disagreements had arisen, was in a singularly amicable state.

Business generally appeared to be prosperous. Chinese pirates and bandits were committing the atrocities which the wiles of the Celestial Empire seem to have carried to a higher degree of cruel precision than those of any other nation. In the Canton River, there is a proclamation of the Chinese dignitary Keun, against certain bandits, who habitually murder their victims. The penalty for failure to pay the ransom—they demanded soon—roasted the child, taged four years! is an ones pet.

The American ship Paragon, of N. York, and the Portuguese brig Simplicia, had both been fired into by pirates—happily without loss—but experienced brutal treatment from the Chinese fisherman and sailors. A British schooner (from Calcutta) had been captured by the same pirate. The captain, an Englishman, was murdered and thrown overboard. The crew were always. It will be seen that before Mr. Cushing is published in the Anglo Chinese papers, and its terms are spoken of as highly favorable. The crews and officers were received in England. The French treaty was not concluded but, although some disagreements had arisen, was in a singularly amicable state.

Business generally appeared to be prosperous. Chinese pirates and bandits were committing the atrocities which the wiles of the Celestial Empire seem to have carried to a higher degree of cruel precision than those of any other nation. In the Canton River, there is a proclamation of the Chinese dignitary Keun, against certain bandits, who habitually murder their victims. The penalty for failure to pay the ransom—they demanded soon—roasted the child, ta

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$5 per annum—$2.5 paid in advance.

Postmasters are requested to forward their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please address their letters and mark their names or letters.

No letter letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless for postage paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year. Notice must be given at the expiration of one year, or the latter if arrearages are due.

Small Local Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They would always give names and time paid for.

Remember most always state the Post Office renewed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, assisted by *Henry Mosier, Jas. E. Small, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dove and E. T. Hemming.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JAMES H. STEPHENSON and JOHN P. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky and Missouri.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL S. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and Western States, assisted by *Wm. Hamilton, Wm. Bringhurst, Thomas Wood, L. H. Stone, John B. Wall, H. Hearing, John Wood and J. Stone.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for Texas.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

A MANUAL OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY. *By W. C. Taylor, LL.D., M. R. A. S., of Trinity College, Dublin. Revised by C. K. Sandford, M. A., Professor of Philosophy and History in the University of the City of New York. New York: D. Appleton & Co Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.* This work, under the head of ancient History, contains the political history, geographical position, and social state of the principal nations of antiquity, carefully revised from the ancient writers; and under the head of Modern History the rise and progress of the principal European nations, their political history, and the changes that they have undergone with a history of the colonies founded by Europeans. To the Modern History, the American Editor has added a useful Summary Chapter on the History of the United States, giving our country its proper weight in the book.

This work possesses advantages which render it a work for private students. Nonsense appears to have been almost unnoticed in the reading public of our time, and there is a craving for more substantial and useful food, to which works of this class will minister. It has an advantage over the former excellent works of Tytler and others, not only in improved arrangement, and a more philosophical treatment of the subject, but in accommodating to the every year new discoveries add to the clearness with which ancient history may be arranged and read. The work as original author as well adapted to his duty as Taylor, and with the clear head and erudition of the American editor, there would be little risk in pronouncing this work unexamined, the best of its kind. It is a large and well printed octavo.

JURISPRUDENCE. *By Wm. A. Guild. First American Edition. Revised and Edited by Dr. C. A. Lee. New York: Harper & Brothers.* Philadelphia: Leary & Co. This work contains the principles of Medical Jurisprudence, with so much of Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, and the Practice of Surgery, as are essential to be known by Coroners, Coroners and Magistrates. To the American editor, has added two hundred pages to the American edition, thus highly increasing its value. The work is a valuable one to the medical student and practitioner, and will be found highly interesting to the general reader. The mechanical execution of the work is elegant.

THE CHURCHMAN'S MAGAZINE *for March. New York: Protestant Press. Philadelphia: Tasker & Co.* and *T. W. Ustick.* The articles contained with the former editor, and with great judgment, have selected the best of them for the benefit of the readers of this work. We find in the present number a contribution from the pen of the late Bishop Hobart, which will be read with interest.

THE CHURCHMAN'S MAGAZINE *for March. New York: Protestant Press. Philadelphia: Tasker & Co.* and *T. W. Ustick.* The articles contained with the former editor, and with great judgment, have selected the best of them for the benefit of the readers of this work. We find in the present number a contribution from the pen of the late Bishop Hobart, which will be read with interest.

THE DOCTRINE AT CAPERNAUM. *An Essay by Thomas H. Tarner, D. D. New York: Harper.* The author of this Essay, who is Professor of Biblical Learning in the General Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, sends it out in reply to the views of Dr. Channing on the Real Presence, in which reference is made to the Discourse upon the Eucharist. It is one of the most able divines of the Roman, and Dr. Turner has a high reputation in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The work is for sale at *Perrott's.*

THE CRUISE. *By Charles Dexter. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This is a beautiful illustrated edition, corresponding in appearance with the "Cruise of the Midge," Christmas published last year. The two books are very much alike in character, and nearly equal in interest. The Ghost Story has most merit as a composition; the other a tale of deeper thought and meaning. Either is enough to make a writer's reputation. *T. B. Peterson* has the work for sale.

LUTHER S. MANUAL A MASTER. *New York: Wiley & Co. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, and Tasker & Co.* The first half of this work has been published, the reader of it to speak of. Much. It is in the shape of a letter "French without a Master," and by the same author and intended to be the forerunner of a work of the same kind. It is follows them exactly, he will obtain a good knowledge of the structure of the language.

AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPTS, *for Booksellers*, published by *Fetridge & Co.*, opens with Mrs. Hall's beautiful sketch "Nora Creina," and "How Thought," accompanying a portrait of Norah. The print is a capital one, and a better sketch could be found. The other matter is well prepared and entertaining, and the least agreeable is the portion from the Editor's own pen.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE—*March.* This number is one of Mr. Graham's best issues in point of matter, make, Industria, and all its belongings. Its embellishments are an Indian Picture, a View near Bunker Hill, and an engraving called the Lover Letter. The first two are highly finished and beautiful engravings. The reading matter is of the usual excellence.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD. *By John Frost, L.L.D. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.* We received the initial number of this work, which is to be completed in thirty numbers, forming three octavo volumes, each complete in itself. Ancient History, Middle Ages, and Modern History. The first numbers is magnificently and richly illustrated.

SANDERSON'S COMPLETE FARRIER, is the title of a work for sale by *Tasker & Co., and T. B. Peterson.* It is designed a good thing, and treats of horses in a manner known by a practical common-sense man. Those who understand our class of horse flesh will find in it what they understand, whether the reader is good or not.

MADRID, *or, The Memoirs of a Statesman. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This is a work of a highly interesting story, originally published in Blackwood, and said to be by Mr. Warren. It is published in a neater shape and more amusement on getting a glance at Bishop Hughes' title. It may be had of *T. B. Peterson.*

THE SHADY OAK—A PASTORAL. *By Douglas Jerrold. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* This work originally appeared in the columns of the London Punch. That circumstance speaks for itself. The author has taken the time to write the first week devoid of interest and an excellent moral tone.

CORSE DE LEON. *Or the Brigand. By G. P. R. James. New York: Harper.* The novel, one of James's best, is published in the usual style of the Harpers, in editions of select novels. It reads well, like all others by the same author. It may be had of *T. B. Peterson*, and of *Perrott & Co.*

SKIZZBLADE.—The illustrated edition of the works of Shakspeare, has proved into the hands of Messrs. Harpers, by whom the two last numbers have been issued, in the same elegant style as the preceding ones. It is for sale by *Perrott* and by *T. B. Peterson.*

THE WANDERING JEW. Harpers edition of the Wandering Jew, No. 8, has been received by *Perrott & Co.*, and *T. B. Peterson.* It is eagerly sought after by a very large number of readers.

THE BARLEY SHEAF has been translated into French, and is selling rapidly in Paris, and among a number of other there. Campbell's edition keeps up its steady sale in the country.

MRS. TYLER'S FETE.

All the papers have had some allusions, and many have contained long notices of Mrs. Tyler's "Retiring Ball." In none of them is the scene more graphically described than in the following letter to the New York Mirror:

The closing Dancing-Room at the Executive Mansion has now taken place two weeks since, and every one has congratulated at the completion of a general no-smoking. Compared with the splendid Ball (Mrs. Tyler's first) which preceded it, it was a nothing-and-light to the noon-day sun. Washington had never seen its like before, and the legion of bank directors doubled their prices and shouted with delight.

The eventful night came, and the heart of many a democratic, and many a *prone* cheeker, beat high with anticipation, and with fears lest it be prevented. At about nine o'clock, the roll of carriages in the line could in every street, and along every end, for not only Washington, but the neighboring towns, including even Baltimore, contributed chosen guests to Mrs. Tyler's farewell Ball. From the Court of the Executive Mansion, and the only mode were the President's Square, and far away in the direction of the Capitol, the lights shone

Selected Poetry.

ROOM, BOYS, ROOM.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

There was an old farmer,
Carey'd down by the city,
Who fed it in the winter,
And shed it in the fall;
The farmer he him bid
For all that he wanted
Which was a good deal,
"There's room for us all;
There's room for us all;
There's room for us all;
There's room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood
For all to be hid."

He was in the city,
And his money was spoiled,
With the clerks he had dined,
And strewed it overboard;
Poor! tradesmen he defrauded
Made fragrant the floor
For his bed, to be cozy,
When the daylight was o'er,
The world's wide enough,
There's room for us all;
There's room for us all;
There's room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood
If not in the hall.

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

He went to his office
And his money was spoiled,
With the clerks he had dined,
And strewed it overboard;
Poor! tradesmen he defrauded
Made fragrant the floor
For his bed, to be cozy,
When the daylight was o'er,
The world's wide enough,
There's room for us all;
There's room for us all;
There's room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood
If not in the hall.

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

This spring now half-clothed
By the dust of the road,
Where the sunbeams and shadow
Have mingled their hues,
Is the work wherein it bubbles
Of busy life's tide,
Which their sap often dries,
While the leaves are young,
The world's wide enough,
There's room for us all;
There's room for us all;
There's room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood
If not in the hall.

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

And still song the bosses—
Cease to plow gloomy sky,
Man in the forest
What sadness in his lay?
A heavy-wheel'd wagon,
The black coal rumbling
Is the cry of the overworked,
In the city's dust and din.
The world's wide enough,
There's room for us all;
There's room for us all;
There's room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood
If not in the hall.

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

He wheeled to his door,
And says he, "We can't stay
I must shoulder my axe,
Up traps, and away."
Next day, and the maples,
The water's wide range,
With slow'ly the hunter
Trudg'ed off, as he sang,
The world's wide enough,
There's room for us all;
There's room for us all;
There's room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood
If not in the hall.

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

Agricultural.

THE FARMER IN EUROPE AND IN AMERICA.

Extracted from an Agricultural Address delivered at Worcester, Oct., 1844, by J. S. Sleeper.

If we look abroad among the nations of Europe, we shall see the agricultural class of society in many countries borne to the earth by oppression—debased from the enjoyments which are supposed to belong to civilized society—their tables of a mill which they can never hope to own—cursing the earth by unremitting labor to bring forth abundance, to increase the bloated wealth of their employers—but without being allowed to participate in the fruits. We shall find them deprived of the benefits of education—ignorant—brutalized, and miserably poor. In the midst of plenty, and surrounded by the means of opulence, they drag out a miserable existence, without a hope of emerging from their gloomy state of servitude. In a word, the agricultural laborer in many of the States of modern Europe, hold no higher rank in the scale of society than the serfs, villeins, and vassals of the Feudal ages.

If we visit the plains of Italy, the southern clime of Masonry, the interior of Germany—fertile France and Spain, or injured Poland, we shall find that the *natural features of the soil* are a degraded class of people, who have no inflamous with the government—who give no tone to society—but are subjected to the whims and caprices of *lord-masters*—and looked upon as the lowest and poorest class of population.

It was recently stated in a French periodical, that of the thirty-three millions, of which the population of France is composed, twenty millions never wear shoes—taste sugar or eat meat—and four millions are clothed in rags.

In the north of Russia, in the province of Archangel, I have often witnessed the wretched repasts of the peasantry. They fill their birchen buckets from the waters of the Dwina—sprinkle into the pure liquid a few grains of salt—add some crumbs of black barley bread—stir it with a wooden spoon, and their delicious and inexpensive soup—is provided!

Even in England, "merrye England," the land of our ancestors, where the study of agriculture is cherished as of the greatest importance, the farm laborer, who supports the throne, and ministers to the luxuries of the purse-proud lord, by the sweat of his brow, is but one grade elevated above the hereditary bondmen of the middle ages. He labor is mentioned—his privations are many—and his comforts are few His path way through life is hardly cheered by a gleam of hope. From the time when he enters on the stage of existence, till the close of his wretched career, his life is one remitting scene of toil—of toil for his daily bread—and it is often the case that the sufferings of the honest and industrious farm laborer and his family, not merely for weeks and months, but for years—for a whole life—are of an interesting which can hardly be imagined in New England, where the tiller of the soil acknowledges no superior—but generally takes his stand among the noblest of the land.

The farm laborers in some districts in England, driven to desperation and acting under excited and ill-distinguished feelings, have recently sought to wreak their vengeance on the wealthy and lazy proprietors of the soil, by setting fire to their barns, barn-yards and outbuildings—and during an investigation, of the incendiary fires in Norfolk and Suffolk Counties, a great mass of evidence was adduced showing the extreme wretchedness of the agricultural population. It appeared that the average price of the labor on a farm, of an able-bodied man, was only four fire to six shillings, or one dollar ten to one dollar thirty cents a week—and with this sum he was expected to provide food, clothing and lodging for himself, wife and children.

While Health extends her blessings over himself and his family, he labors with this scanty and ancient employment, barely procure the means of performing a miserable existence. But when his family are bread down by sickness—or he is dismissed from his employment, and he himself unable to procure even this scanty sum—and in a country, where the poor laws are proverbially hard and unfeeling—I repeat it, it is impossible for a citizen of this happy republic to conceive of the extent of the wretchedness of the poor English farm laborer and his family.

An able article, descriptive of the condition of the English farm laborer, lately appeared in the Liverpool Mercury, an influential provincial English newspaper. "No man," says the writer, "ever heard of a laborer's peasant being an owner of land. The Feudal system bonds them to the turbite to the soil, as ever they were bound. They are as much serfs and vassals as in the conqueror's time, with this difference, that when old age doubles them, none stead of a house under the salt, at their owner's table, but have the workhouse as a home.

They are the Pariahs of English society."

Mr. Colman, who is now making an agricultural tour in Europe, in the first number of his agricultural Memoirs, in the Massachusetts Ploughman, gives a description of the condition of one of the most fertile and cultivated farm-laborers, whom he met with in England. He says:

"I visited one laborer's cottage, to which I was carried by the farmer himself, who was desirous of showing me, he said, one of the best examples within his knowledge, of this condition of life. The house, though apparently small, was extremely neat and tidy: the Bible lay upon the window-sill; the bedroom was shown over its curate; the man and woman were laborers, greatly esteemed for their good conduct, and had both of them been in the service more than forty years. I asked them if, in the course of that time, they had not been able to lay by some small sum of money to make them comfortable: they said, no. I could not have surprised them more by any question which I could have proposed. They replied that it had been a constant struggle for them to sustain themselves, but any surplus was beyond their reach. They were touching that the condition is a hard one in which incessant and faithful labor, for so many years, will not enable the frugal and industrious to make some small provision for the period of sickness and decay, in a country where accumulations of wealth so much dazzle gracing that of the same labor, or enormous."

Mr. Colman may well say that the condition of the thrifty farm laborer in England is a hard one. And if incessant and faithful labor for forty years will not enable the most frugal and successful cultivators of the soil in Great Britain, to lay up anything to support them during the infirmities and helplessness of old age, what must be the sufferings of the great mass of laboring people in England, who are naked destitute of food, clothing and shelter, and have only their labor to sell, and no man will purchase the commodity!

It has been truly said that in the lowly cottages of the English poor, the *loaf* of bread is the *food only* of the man, and the LUXURY of his wife and children. And the condition of the rural population in England, is but a fair specimen of the condition of the rural people in one or other parts of Europe. Some countries is frequently seen bubbling the plough, or performing some of the other laborious and degrading agricultural duties. How different is the condition of the farm laborer in this country.

For all that he wanted
We are blessed with plenty,
Where is room for us all;
There's room for us all;
There's room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood
If not in the hall.

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

Selected Articles.

THE EMBROIDERESS AT MIDNIGHT

She plies her needle till the lamp
Is waning pale and dim.
Her hearth the cricket's dreary tramp,
And she must watch like him—
Must watch and work, while others sleep,
Her dark eyes lightly swim.

Look on her work!—no common mind
Arranged that glowing group—
Nor fancy, nor the rainbow's hue
Could more bright flowers combine.
Parting the graceful foliage through
Look on her work!—her look the more
Is she unwearied heard.
Her mother sleeps in yonder door,
Her sister by her side.
Fresh that dear mother, who before
Taught her the precious art.

She sleeps—that mother, sick and pale—
The sleeper—and little dreams,
Of her child's midnight task, whose veil
All day is filling fast.
Of summer hope, like love doth heal,
But not for her, alas!

God bless her, in her lone employ,
And all those precious eyes!
With visions of the coming joy,
Waking the slumbering skies.
When they, who gave her this employ,
Pay her in shining gold!

Think how her trembling hand will close
The treasure in its hold!
Think how her hasty feet will roam
The nearest shop to greet,
To purchase for her humble home
The food and clothing meet!
And with what gladness she will come
Back to her task again!

Poor maiden! if the fair ones who
Thy graceful toil employ,
Only one half thy struggles knew
And thine great joy,
Methinks some drop of pity's dew
Would grace their beauty eyes!

It is not here, in dull reward
Thy patient toil shall close,
Here exist must the lot be hard,
That there is glory won,
Where sun, and well not disregard,
Thy resolute and toil.

THE MARTYR.

BY H. J. BRADLEY.

He stands amidst a mortal throng—
His brow is bared to the fierce wrong,
His eye is fixed on high;
His aging hand upon his breast is pressed,
But not for mercy, for thoughts are free,
Superior to his destiny.

He will not bend the knee for life,
Yet in his proud, unyielding eye,
We read a calm, a holy trust
A fortitude o'er nature he has won
By Faith's all-conquering power.

The fire of triumph on his head
Is more than glory's diadem.

The flames rise round the martyr now
To take the penny which took his home,
To wrest the gold from his hand,
Yet neither fire nor flame can bend
His soul to bow before them.

ELLICOTT'S MILLS.

A Frenchman, looking for Ellicott's Mills, near Baltimore, blundered to Ellicott's wharf in the city. The poor fellow, getting in the midst of the wharf rats, thought he was in the mills, and wished to inquire for them, but could not recollect the English word for rats. Indeed, that it sounded like the English word for cats, he was sure that the English word, and not, with all the scratchings of pate, call to mind the French. After puzzling his skipper up to a sailor, and after bowing and scraping, with that extravagant civility which never fails a Frenchman, he began to speak. The puzzle, the following dialogue took place between them:

"How do, sair?"

"How are you, my hearty?"

[Taking hold of the sailor's round-about jacket.] "Sir, will you give me de complesonnay tat me is dat?"

"Why, what the dickens should it be?
That's a jacket, to be sure."

"Will you housaz me for to tell me is he dat here no jakkaye, but hoes like vou jaypeau."

"My eyes! what d'ye mean by my hoes and my jackets, eh? Hey!"

"Pardong—I mean—His ha! Pardong—mon who is he vot keepe de playe for makye de flot? Vot whore, whair, whair?" (making rapid circles with his hand.)

"Swoons me eyes! is anything at all of what you'd be at with your flots and your whores? Speak out, can't you?"

"Vot vou call dem? Vou no not know de playe of de flot? De playe of de flot be de playe vot de men go, de playe vot de men be de sailor shakes his head]—Mille tonneres! Nous not no nothing! Vot de voraties com, com, com! Vot de voraties com, com, com! Vot de voraties com, com, com